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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

When You Speak of

## "THE CAFE"

Everyone knows that  
you mean the

### Alexander Young Cafe

Open from 6 a. m. to 11:30 p. m.

Cor. Bishop St. and Hotel.

the remark and the wonder of the  
world-wide traveler.

A gentleman said to us last week,  
"Oh, Mr. Young will have the very  
best, nothing too good for his  
hostels."

And all this is true to the letter,  
every detail must be beautiful, artistic,  
but useable and not too delicate  
for every day—just homely and  
good.

As we are solidly practical, when  
the dainty souvenir of the Golden  
Wedding came to our office, we  
said, sotto voce, now this is but one  
item of all the costly lavish entertain-  
ment for the beautiful fete for  
family and friends. We mailed the  
envelope at once to an editor in  
Cambridge and it will finally be  
placed in the family cabinet of  
choice things. A. M. P.



### POETRY AND PUBLISHERS.

Poets who have paid good round  
sums to secure the publication of  
their books, and who, after thus  
purchasing a publisher's imprint,  
have been sadly disappointed over  
the meagre sales, will read with ap-  
preciation a remarkable preface  
which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has  
written for "The Comfort of the  
Hills," (The Century Company,) his  
new book of poems, in which

he outlines some of his experiences  
with poetry and with the old copy-  
right law.

In the year 1882 I printed the  
first of six small volumes of verse.  
The editions of each were limited to  
200 or 300 copies, with an average  
sale of about fifty copies. Having  
generously given away the rest, I  
am amused to find that these  
volumes are now sought for by the  
collector of first editions, and are  
occasionally bringing absurd prices.

This present collection is the only  
one I have not paid for outright,  
and is a venture of my publishers  
which speaks well for their courage.

The three poems at the begin-  
ning of this volume lay for many  
years in my portfolios. "The Com-  
fort of the Hills" is now publicly  
printed for the first time. The two  
odes have appeared in the Century  
Magazine; "On a Lycian Tomb"  
was first printed in the selection of  
my poems published at my expense  
by Macmillan in London.

This volume had a still more bril-  
liant success than its predecessors  
in America. In all eighteen copies  
sold in the first year, and, so far as  
I know, none since. Two years later  
I was asked to say what was to  
be done with the remaining vol-  
umes. Unfortunately, the English  
publishers had placed in them a  
statement that the book was copy-  
righted in America. This was true  
only as to a part of its contents, but  
it absolutely prevented the exportation  
to this country. Accordingly,  
I desired Mr. Macmillan to burn the  
rest of the volumes or to consign  
them afresh to the paper mill to  
serve for reincarnation of the poems  
in some more fortunate form. I  
asked also that fifty bound copies be  
sent to America. They were  
promptly stopped in the New York  
Custom House. A book said to be  
copyrighted in America the law for-  
bids to enter. I asked what should  
be done with them. Might I buy  
them? I could not. I believe it  
was finally concluded to cremate  
them. This history of the freaks of

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the copyright and the adventures of  
a book may not be without interest.



### THE BROTHERHOOD OF PAIN.

By John Wright Buckham.

With light, unheeding step I went  
The way of the glad,  
Nor ever dreamed one could be  
spent,  
Stricken and sad.

A shadow fell across my path,  
Pain bared her knife;  
Chok'd was my throat with dust,  
Death strove with life.

I looked to see if this my lot  
Were lone, or nay,  
And at my side the maimed and ill  
Throng'd all the way.

Bravely they met the chill and  
gloom,  
Patient and still;  
Gently they made me room—  
Such was His will.

We spake not—they and I—for  
pain  
Sealed every lip,  
But well we knew the gracious gain  
Of fellowship.

Lord, when the path of joy and  
song  
I tread again,  
Forbid that I, unheeding, pass and  
wrong  
Brothers in pain.